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For the whole of the evils that afflict society arise from the lack of seeing things from the standpoint of the Soul. If you lived for the Soul, cared for what made the Soul a more living reality, and less for the meat and drink and paraphernalia of the body, the whole world would be transfigured; you have got a wrong standpoint and everything is out of focus.

I do not say neglect the body, but make its health and ease only the means to the end. The body is only a machine. The work that it does ought to be for the Soul. What you do now is to make the machine everything. It consumes on itself its own force. The wheels go round, but nothing moves. And in the whirl of the wheels the Soul is lost.

What I wish you to do is to make the Soul the centre, and make time to use the Soul, which alone can do all things. Make time to save Eternity, nay, to possess it now and to know God.

Reviews.

The Satwa Sadhani.—This is the name of a newly published Telugu Journal, the organ of the 'Aryan Association'. It has already translated Swami Vivekananda's Chicago Address, and is now translating Paul Duessen's Vedanta. Mrs. Besant's article on 'The Education of Hindu Youth.' Besides these translations it contains several original articles, and affords very interesting reading. The get-up is excellent and leaves nothing to be desired. The journal is ably edited by Mr. T. A. Swaminatha Iyer and is perhaps the best monthly in Telugu. (Annual subscription Rs. 3. Armenian Street, Black Town, Madras).

Gnana Bodhini.—This is an age of journals and we are glad to welcome on the field this new Tamil monthly edited by Mr. Purnalingam Pillay, B.A. The first issue (August) contains a story by Mr. V. G. Suryanarayana Sastriyar, B.A., an article on the present state of Tamil literature by Mr. Mattu-Ramalingam Pillay, B.A., and three others equally interesting. We note with pleasure that the Journal aims at a high standard of literary purity and excellence and hope that it will be duly appreciated by the public. The get-up is good and leaves little to be desired. (Thompson and Co., Madras. Annual subscription Rs. 2 Local, Rs. 2-8 Mofassil).

The Light of Truth.—The second and third numbers of this Journal are as interesting as the first. One of the articles in the last No. 'An another side' aims at establishing the preference of the Sivite Siddhanta over the Vedanta. The Vedantin welcomes all such attempts and says, "So long as it is a mere matter of theory, why assume only three padarthas, assume three hundred as well, if by that means you can simplify the problem and put an end to all metaphysical wrangling." We are glad to find that a life of Kamman is begun. The story of Kurinjipattu is happily written.

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The Imitation of Vyasa.*

Man never alone :

Thou thinkest : I am single and alone.
Perceiving not the great eternal Sage,
Who dwells within thy breast. Whatever wrong
Is done by thee, he sees and notes it all.

The Mahâbhârata.

Heaven, Earth, and Sea, Sun, Moon, and Wind, and
Fire

Day, Night, the Twilights, and the Judge of Souls,
The God of justice and the Heart itself.

All see and note the conduct of a man

Ibid.

What is the nature of God : A certain philosopher was once asked what the nature of God was. He wanted three days to think over the question. On the fourth day the question was repeated and the sage asked for three days more. After that time the question was again asked and the sage wanted another three days and at last said in reply, "The more I think of Him, the more indescribable He becomes."

Tit for tat : A Christian missionary was preaching to a crowd in India. Among other sweet things, he was telling the people that if he gave a blow to their idol with his stick, what could it do? One of his hearers sharply answered, "If I abuse your God what can he do?" "You would be punished," said the preacher, "when you die." "So my idol will punish you when you die," said the villager.

Love God for love's sake : The virtuous King Yudhishtira was driven from his throne by his enemies and had

* Under this title will appear such short stories, fables, anecdotes sayings and the like, ancient and modern, as are worthy of the memory of the great Father of the Purânas whose genius delighted in combining instruction with amusement. No originality is claimed for any of these and the greater number are in the words of others.

to take shelter in a forest in the Himalayas with his queen; and there, one day Draupadi asked him how it was that he should suffer so much misery and yet love God, and Yudhishtira answered : "Behold, my queen, the Himalayas how beautiful they are; I love them. They do not give me anything, but my nature is to love the grand, the beautiful and therefore I love them. Similarly, I love the Lord. He is the source of all beauty, of all sublimity. He is the only object to be loved; my nature is to love Him, and therefore I love. I do not pray for anything; I do not ask for anything. Let Him place me wherever He likes. I must love Him for love's sake. I cannot trade in love."

A story of Emerson : One day as Theodore Parker and Ralph Waldo Emerson were walking, in Concord, a man, greatly excited rushed up to them saying : "The world is very near an end." "Well my friend," said Emerson, "suppose the world is coming to an end. I suppose I can get along without it."

How few could say this with confidence, particularly in an age in which "the world is too much with us."

Where is God : A certain school boy said to another, "Brother, if you tell me where God is, I shall give you a mango." The latter replied, "I shall give you two mangoes, if you tell me where God is not."

Transmigration : Muhammad Sharif looking at some large blocks of stone lying about near his house, exclaimed with a sigh, "All these helpless things are only waiting to assume human form."

A simile : There are three dolls—the first made of salt the second made of cloth and the third made of stone. If these dolls be immersed in water, the first will get dissolved and lose its form; the second will absorb a large quantity of water and retain its form; while the third will be wholly impervious to the water. The first doll represents the man who merges his self in the universal and all per-

vading Self and becomes one with it. The second represents a true lover of God, who is full of Divine bliss and knowledge and the third represents a worldly man who will not admit even the least trace of true knowledge.

The Siddhis: A Yogi went to a sage and claimed that he could fly in the air, remain underground for months together, lie on the surface of water and perform such other wonderful feats. The sage coolly replied "Brother, birds fly in the air, worms lie concealed under the earth for years and fish live in water. What merit is there in your doing what the lower animals do. Try and imitate God, become divine in your love for others, in wisdom and humility. Above all, leave off vanity.

The mystery of creation: One night three opium-smokers were standing by the side of a river. The reflection of a light from the opposite bank was playing with the ripples in the river, and thus making the light appear to be burning in it. All of them wanted to smoke and for that purpose desired to ignite a piece of charcoal to put it upon the pipe. One man just went to the brink of the water and there held out the charcoal thinking it to have reached the light, for opium-smokers see distant things as though swimming before their eyes. But staying for a while in that position, he found that the charcoal was not ignited and went back to his companions thinking the light to have lost its heat. Then one of them rebuked him for his folly, saying that every one who had eyes could plainly see that the fire was in the river just where the water was knee-deep, and he snatched the charcoal from his hand and went into the stream where it was knee-deep and there held out the charcoal just before him fully believing that it would soon be ignited; but unfortunately he also had to come back concluding that the fire had grown cold in coming in contact with the water. Then the third man rebuked his two companions saying, "Well friends, strange it is that you have become so foolish. Why can you not see that the light is just in the middle of the river?" So saying he went into the river with the charcoal in hand and proceeded until the water reached the armpits and there held it towards the seeming fire, till, shivering with cold, he had to return unsuccessful, just as his other companions had done. Similar is the case with our knowledge of the creation of the universe. We think ourselves to be wiser than our ancestors, simply because we know a greater number of facts than they did; but this only makes the matter more intricate. Our limited mind will always remain ignorant of the mystery of the limitless creation.

News and Notes.

Sayings of Jesus.—A papyrus recently discovered on the borders of the Libyan desert and believed to have been written between 150 A. D. and 300 A. D. contains eight sayings, the two more remarkable of which are, "Except ye keep the Sabbath, ye shall not see the Father," and "Jesus saith, Wherever there is one, and there is one, alone, I am with him. Raise the stone and there thou shalt find me, cleave the wood and there am I." The *London Spectator* rightly points out that these "contain the very essence of Pantheism, and would, if fully accepted, completely modify in the Hindu direction our (the Christian) conception of the universe. If God is in inanimate nature in any sense except that He created it, why should we not as the Hindu argues, worship him there, and draw this further deduction, that God being in everything, everything in some sense is equally holy?"

The Sanatan Dharma Palini Sabha, Benares.—We are glad to note that the society gets on well. Its Secretary Mr. Lakshmi Kant Pandey informs us that the other day when he

delivered a lecture on Karma Yoga, its Vice-president Babu Anna Prasad Mukerji made a surprisingly learned and interesting speech.

The Hindu Sanmarga Bala Sabha.—This society has favoured us with its first annual report from which we find it has been doing excellent work and that a healthy religious fervour pervades it. We wish it every success.

The Sanghamitta School, Colombo, Ceylon.—We are glad to publish the following and request our readers' attention to the last paragraph.

The Sanghamitta Buddhist Girls' School was established in 1890. In '91 my daughter was engaged as Lady Principal in order to bring to bear on it English influence, and to conduct it on English methods though on Buddhist Principles. A fortnight after her arrival she lost her life by an accident, and Mrs. Higgins came as Lady Principal. When Mrs. Higgins left this school, and established the Musaus School, the then head teacher, Miss Roberts, was appointed L. P. pro tem while there was no English lady available to fill the post. Miss Roberts is a well-educated Sinhalese lady and a Buddhist. A few months ago I offered my services as Directress, not as L. P., being too old for the arduous work. I have re-established European methods of working, the Committee, parents, under-teachers and even the pupils heartily concurring. The Boarding part of the educational scheme has never been made a special feature for reasons which the better-class Sinhalese parents quite appreciate, though we take a few when parents so desire it, and the greatest care is bestowed on the Boarders physically as to health and manners, and morally. The mental training they receive in common with the day pupils, six good teachers being at work under my superintendence, and the whole Buddhist school-network under an able Buddhist Manager.

We shall be glad if any of your readers who are in sympathy with us, will give help, as we are prevented by want of funds to do what otherwise we could do.

G. PICKETT, Directress.

Swami Ramakrishnananda.—A Vedanta class was opened by the Swami in the Hon. and Divan Bahadur Rajaratna Moodaliar's School, Chintadripet, on Sunday, the 29th ultimo. The Swami explains the Gita on every Sunday from 6-30 to 7-30 p.m., and then he holds a question class till 8. The class is being well attended by Officials and Law, Medical, College and High School students.

The abode of God.

In the course of his exile, Sri Rama met Valmiki in the Chitrakuta mountains and requested him to suggest a place where himself and Sita might conveniently live for some time. The sage softly smiled and replied as follows:—

"Thyself art the sole and supreme abode for all the worlds, Oh Rama, and the whole creation is Thy place of residence. As Thou sayest however, that Sita (Chit-Sakti) is also to live with Thee, hear, O foremost of the Raghus! what is the proper place for Thee to live in. Dwell in the hearts of the calm and the even-tempered, of those who know no hatred or attachment, whoever worship Thee and are satisfied, having performed their only duty in the world. Live, likewise, in the minds of men who are above all desires, above the influence of pleasure and pain and other pairs of opposites, in whom the sense of self has vanished and who dedicate all their actions to Thee. Make a home for self and Sita, Oh Rama, in those who do not get elated with joy nor afflicted with grief, who have no concern for the conventions of the world of Samsara and whose hearts have been staidied in Thy worship by continued exercise. You will find an excellent home in those who see Thee as being beyond the reach of the six Vikaras (lust, anger, avarice, &c.), and the cravings of the senses, who see Thee, as pervading all, as the One and the Infinite and as Existence and Consciousness absolute."

—(From the *Adhyatmika Ramayana*.)

G. S. K.

The Prabuddha Bharata

OR

AWAKENED INDIA.

OCTOBER 1897.

F a i t h.

Faith is a necessity of life. Life is impossible without it. And the very first thing we do is to believe. "Thought may shake or strengthen faith: it cannot produce it. Is its origin in the will? No; good will may favour it, ill-will may hinder it, but no one believes by will, and faith is not a duty:—it is an instinct, for it precedes all outward instruction. As Count Tolstoi says, "If a man lives, he believes in something. If he did not believe that there is something to live for, he would not live. If he does not see and understand the unreality of the finite, he believes in the finite. If he sees that unreality, he must believe in the infinite. Without faith there is no life."

Man is what he believes. For instance, if he believes that the world is created for him and that his lower self is the God at whose feet he should throw flowers, then he becomes a narrow-minded withered-up little thing, incapable of any great and truly useful achievement. If on the other hand, he believes himself to be one with the mighty all-conscious Soul of the Universe, and sees all things in himself and himself in all things, he becomes God and leaves behind either in the visible world of action and strife, or, in the invisible one of thought and spirit, a legacy which will last for evermore, gathering additional strength in every age, creating numberless Christs, Buddhas and Sankaras, and maintaining the world much more really than the blind physical forces which seem to do so. A man's faith thus determines what he is and fixes his place in the Universe.

It should however be clearly recognised that the value of any particular belief is in proportion to its being correct. Faith should at no time be allowed to oppose itself to truth; for all delusions are injurious and hinder the progress of the spirit. It is true that reason does not create faith, but whatever the faith be, it must stand to reason. It is the sanction of reason which raises faith from a mere instinct to the rank of inspiration. All the great men known to fame and those yet greater, who were beyond its reach, were inspired men, men having tremendous faith which was at the same time reason-proof. The teachings of these men, which form the scriptures of the world, stand on unshakeable, eternal verities revealed to them by their sterling faith which had passed through the crucible of reason and become brighter and purer for it. The noble truths of Buddha, the Sermon on the Mount, the Bhagavad Gita and the sublime philosophy of the Upanishads all stand on the unshakeable Mahā Mēru of Truth round which the sun, moon and stars have travelled for centuries and will travel for ages without making one syllable of them old and useless for all their incessant rotations. Faith in its highest or rather its real sense is truth and instead of being opposed to reason is built upon it. There is no greater enemy to the world than narrow unenlightened faith. As Amicle observes "That which is a mere prejudice of childhood,

which has never known doubt, which ignores science, which cannot respect or understand or tolerate different convictions—such a faith is a stupidity and a hatred, the mother of all fanaticism.....To draw the poison-fangs of faith in ourselves, we must subordinate it to the love of truth. The supreme worship of the true is the only means of purification for all religions, all confessions, all sects. Faith should only be allowed the second place, for faith has a judge in truth. When she exalts herself to the position of supreme judge, the world is enslaved; Christianity, from the fourth to the seventeenth century, is the proof of it." Faith should only be allowed the second place; yes, by itself and when unenlightened. But when it weds itself to truth and gets enlightened, it works wonders, it rules the world and sustains it: it 'makes man whole.'

(Mere intellect can do little; at best it can only knock against the Unknowable, and, like Duscāsana the brother of Duryodhana who, attempting to strip the chaste queen Draupadi naked, was confounded with fear and surprise at the successive layers of cloths which seemed to grow, by Sri Krishna's grace, over her body, each cloth more brilliant and costly than the preceding one; dry, unaided, uninspired reason lifts off veil after veil from Nature's body only to find that there is 'veil upon veil behind.' Reason can write learned books on politics, invent newer and newer engines of destruction, fight battles and conquer nations, argue most metaphysically, frame theories after theories, analyse, dissect and decompose everything in the outer world: it can 'rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings and weigh the sun', but it cannot step one inch beyond the relative and the phenomenal, and much less can it afford any answer to the great and fundamental problems of life; and like the spectre at Macbeth's table, the ghost of the murdered soul grins and groans by turns at the revel of reason. 'The intellect', says Swāmi Vivekānanda, 'is only the street cleaner, cleansing the path for us, a secondary worker.' This is why the sage of Königsberg said, 'The sphere of faith transcends the sphere of reason. 'Human reason,' says Thomas a Kempis, 'is weak and may be deceived, but true faith cannot be deceived.' 'Faith is the evidence of things not seen.'

This faith is not, as we have already indicated, merely the 'believe in Christ and you will be saved' of the Christian missionary, but faith founded on reason. Blind belief has its uses, but it will, if not in this life at least in some future one, melt away like the 'paradise which lies about us in our infancy' when the fruit of the tree of knowledge is tasted, that is, when awakened reason asserts itself and the problem of evil presses for solution. At a particular stage in human evolution the question of 'to be or not to be' assumes a serious aspect, and

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,

The insolence of office and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes

all tempt man to make 'his quietus with a bare bodkin' and the blind faith in a fatherly and merciful God flies away like darkness before light. Here begins the real search after God. The following is the experience of a great man who passed through this stage. "I said to myself," says Count Tolstoi, "It is well, there is no God, there is none that has a reality apart from my own imaginings, none as real as my own life—there

is none such. Nothing, no miracles can prove there is, for miracles exist in my own unreasonable imagination.

"And then I asked myself: 'But my conception of the God whom I seek, whence comes it?' And again life flashed joyously through my veins. All around me seemed to revive, to have a new meaning. My joy, though, did not last long, for reason continued to work. 'The conception of God is not God. Conception is what goes on within myself; the conception of God is an idea which I am able to rouse in my mind or not as I choose: it is not what I seek, something without which life could not be.' Then again all seemed to die around and within me and again I wished to kill myself.

"After this, I began to retrace the process which had gone on within myself, the hundred times repeated discouragement and revival. I remembered that I had lived only when I believed in God. As it was before, so it was now: I had only to know God, and I lived: I had only to forget Him, not to believe in Him, and I died . . . I should long ago have killed myself if I had not had a dim hope of finding Him . . . A voice seemed to cry within me; 'This is He, He without whom there is no life. To know God and to live are one. God is life.'

"Live to seek God, and life will not be without Him. And stronger than ever rose up life within and around me, and the light that then shone never left me again."

Pretty nearly the same experience is described by the poet in the following words:—

If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice 'Believe no more,
And heard an ever-breaking shore,
That tumbled in the Godless deep:

A warmth within the heart would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And, like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answered 'I have felt.'

Here is the resurrection of faith, but it is yet in the clouds, owing most probably to the unspiritual character of modern Christendom. 'Where all are blind, the one-eyed man is king' is the saying and the final realisation of Count Tolstoi is looked upon by him as a sufficient recompense for the mental agitation he suffered, only because he is in modern Europe where spirituality is at a low ebb. Had he been in India, he would have pushed on the search farther, and would never have rested till he saw God face to face, and the stage through which he passed is just the stage in which, in the blessed Gnana Bhumi (land of wisdom) of ours, the great Guru (Parama A'charya) appears and with a love which looks for no reward and purer in its nature than the love of father, mother, husband and wife and altogether divine, gives his protecting hand to the despairing soul and takes it on by successive steps through the straight old path of the seers, to its final destination. Ah, in what words can the divine Guru be praised; where is the language which could give words to express the greatness and the wisdom of the Guru! The disciple sings

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सर्वाकारं सर्वमसर्वं सर्वनिषेधावधिभूतं यत् ।

सत्यं शाश्वतमेकमनन्तं शुद्धं बुद्धं तत्त्वमसित्वं ॥

नित्यानन्दाखण्डरसैकं निष्कलमक्रियमस्तविकारं ।

प्रत्यगभिन्नं परमव्यक्तं शुद्धं बुद्धं तत्त्वमसित्वं ॥

प्रत्यस्तमिता शेषविशेषं व्योमेवान्तर्बहिरपि पूर्णं ।

ब्रह्मानन्दं परमादितं शुद्धं बुद्धं तत्त्वमसित्वं ॥

ज्ञातृज्ञान ज्ञेयविहीनं ज्ञातुरभिन्नं ज्ञानमखण्डं ।

ज्ञेयाज्ञेय त्वादिविमुक्तं शुद्धं बुद्धं तत्त्वमसित्वं ॥

अन्तःप्राज्ञ त्वादिविकल्परस्पृष्ट प्रत्यग्रूपं भादृशिमात्रं ।

गगनाभं सत्तामात्रं समरसमेकं शुद्धं बुद्धं तत्त्वमसित्वं ॥

but is not satisfied. There is only one language which could express it all and that is the language of faith, implicit faith. This faith is not blind. It is most rational, for the Guru first convinces the disciple, satisfies his intellect and then storms and captures his heart. The teacher wants not mere *Śraddha*, faith, but also *Viveka*, discrimination, and both are reckoned in the *Vedānta* as necessary qualifications for the student and the highest experience which the Guru reveals is supported not merely by the *Śrutis*, but also *stands to reason and is confirmed by realisation*. Faith in the guru is not then a blind belief; intellect and reason are not to be smothered and crushed, but fed and satisfied; until they lie in perfect confidence and repose without wanting to assert themselves. The Guru says not merely 'Believe and you will be saved' but 'Believe only if it stands to reason, and if it so stands, then have firm faith in it; for mere intellectual assent avails nothing.' The heart cannot ignore the head, for then intellect will some day or other prove a traitor in the camp and have its revenge, but both the head and the heart must be satisfied, though it is the latter that finally receives inspiration. Faith in the Guru then is not mere belief. This faith is even superior to devotion, for there is no difference in it between the teacher and the taught, as there is between the devotee and the object of his devotion. The disciple worships and loves the Guru as his own Self and the Guru also loves the disciple as he loves himself. There is no duality in this faith; it is all bliss and no two souls meet together in closer union than those of the Guru and the disciple. They understand each other as no others do; they love each other with no human love; they are both one in reality—they are one God not two. The *Advaitam* (non-duality) between the Guru and disciple is first realised and immediately after the *Ekameva* (the only one) of the universe. The nature of this faith is total self-surrender and the literal carrying out of the Guru's instructions, and its ultimate expression is *mauna*; for it has been said, 'The man of faith obtains wisdom.'

This faith in one's Guru, in the Christ, or in other words in one's Self (the higher Self) asks for no favours, for what could he who has such faith ask for, being above desire and seeing nothing outside himself. But exactly for this reason every event in his life is a genuine miracle and divine in its nature, for says Sri Krishna, "I bear the burden of the concerns in the life of those who are constantly employed in worshipping Me" (*Gita*, IX. 22).

Swāmi Vivekānanda rightly says, "As certain religions of the world say a man who does not believe in a personal God outside of himself is an atheist, so, says the *Vedānta*, a man who does not believe in himself is an atheist. Not believing in the glory of your own soul is what the *Vedānta* calls atheism.' This however should be properly understood. To say 'I can do anything and everything' just as Napoleon is reported to have said, 'Thou shalt have none other gods but me' is *Asuric* (worthy of *Asuras*) and utterly incompatible with the *Satwic* humility which is the

characteristic of the sage. The 'I' should not refer to the lower ego which should be killed, but to the higher Self the only reality. We shall make our meaning clearer by an example. A ship in which Julius Cæsar was a passenger, was overtaken by a storm and the captain feared for the safety of the crew when Cæsar said 'Fear not man. Dost thou not know who is in the ship?' This is an example of *rajas* pure and simple, of faith in oneself, in one's lower ego which is a cause of bondage and misery. On a very similar occasion the Christian Saint Ignatius said, 'The winds and the seas obey our Lord' and betrayed not the least apprehension or fear, but he was a little troubled in mind that he had not served God as he ought to have done. There was more of Satwa in this, but by far the best example of faith is that of the Indian sage whom Alexander threatened to kill and who replied, "Me you can never kill. I am He, the eternal and infinite. Me swords cannot pierce, fire cannot burn, water cannot moisten nor winds wither. How could I be slain?" To be always filled with the idea of one's being the Atman is real faith and this is the Karmaphalatyagam (abandonment of the fruits of one's action) of the Gita, the Sahaja stiti (the free, natural state of Self-realisation) of the Vedānta and its immediate results are fearlessness and peace of mind. Come what may and go what may, it always remains unshaken, for it is permanently wedded to eternity.

The Heroism of a Missionary's Life.

"I hear that you are going away, Millie, is that so?"

"Yes, I'm going next week, guess where?"

"O, I can't!"

"Well, don't faint; I'm going to..... China? and as a Missionary!"

"Millie, you are joking!"

"No, Miriam, I'm not joking at all, next week I will be bound for China and as a Missionary! You know that has been my desire since a little girl when first I went to Sunday school. Ah! you do not know what a pleasure, intense joy it will be to spread the doctrine of our perfect religion,—Christianity!"

"But, Millie, have you thought of what you are doing? Thought not only of the voyage, your new environments, and the burst of feeling that will be set free, but of the effect on the Chinese also? They are brought up under circumstances far different from ours, and facts and ideas that we, perhaps, never dream of as existing literally branded into them from generations back. There they peacefully attend to their own duties hardly dreaming of such a disturbance as an American missionary. Dare you tear their ancient doctrines from their souls, dig them up by the root, tell them that they are wrong, and—

"Miriam!"

"Yes, I mean it. Can't you understand? See the world through the Chinaman's eyes and it will look very different. You cannot teach a baby logic, much less put Christian views into a follower of Confucius. Dare you criticize their God? Does not He, the same, watch over all his children? We understand the doctrines of the Chinese as little as they do ours."

"Miriam! how you do talk: are you a Christian?"

"Yes, I am; but don't you understand me? don't you see that if you only look on your side of the question it will be one-sided? Indeed, you are doing a very noble thing to give up your own dear land and live a stranger

among heathen, and more noble still it is, more heroic that you give up all those endearing home ties that alone make life bearable sometimes; but do you do good to any one else? That is what you are striving to do, I think."

"Miriam, Miriam, how you do turn things, and how funny you see everything. Think of our glorious religion which has made us what we are—the most civilized of all nations—compare that religion with the empty formulae of the Chinese, and then ask me if I am doing good to any one else. They do not realize how glorious it is to have a Christ, and then, Miriam, has any other religion direct revelation from God?"

"Well, I don't know!"

"You don't know, Miriam!"

"No; do you?"

"Miriam!!!"

"Yes, I know you think me terrible but let me illustrate my view of the case. Here you live in New York and wish to reach Paris; in Asia, let us suppose, is your friend who also is bound for Paris: you two cannot reach your destination by the same road, you must take different paths but in the end reach the same place. So with the Heathen and the Christian, they are on different spiritual planes and must therefore take different roads, but in the end reach the same goal. To say that the religion of Confucius is wrong is as absurd as to exclaim: 'There is no language except the English, all others are mere delusions!' But, Millie, no one can deny that a Missionary's life is heroic and proves how firmly fixed are the roots of Christianity, when you are willing to live amid strangers the Christian's life of patience, peace, and purity."

"Well, Miriam, time will tell; we'll know better a few years from now."

"Yes, and when many years have passed, years of labor and heroism, pain and misunderstanding, when the lesson of tolerance shall have been learned by bitter experience, then Millie I am sure that each heart, whether Jewish or Buddhist, Christian or Pagan shall in the fulness of its love exclaim:

'Master, not one but all; in every style, in every tongue thy sacred name shall echo.'"

SIRI E. SWANANDER.

Seekers after God.

III.—SIRI A'LA WANDA'R.

(Continued from page 30.)

The second question: "I say that this king is a virtuous man; try and deny it if you can." Poor Vidvajana Kôlâhala was startled at the question. "To say that the king is a wicked man and that in his own presence! Really this young chap has contrived a very good device for finishing my life. If I keep quiet I shall be defeated, but to reply would be much more disastrous, for the king's sword would immediately be at my neck. There is still a third question. I shall see if I cannot answer that at least" said he to himself and kept quiet; the queen's face grew radiant with joy and the crowd of spectators expressed its satisfaction in no mistakeable fashion.

Then came the third and last question: "I say that the queen is chaste, deny it if you can." Kôlâhala was thunderstruck. He saw that he was undone. He hung down his head with shame at having suffered himself to be defeated so easily by a school boy—he that had put to

shame and deprived of titles, honours and all, many a renowned scholar. "What foolishness", he said to himself, "not to have known the simple thing that there are many statements which cannot be denied and to have rashly undertaken to deny anything that might be affirmed. And then such questions—who could have put them except this little mischievous chap who triumphs over my ruin! I worked out my own ruin. Why did I not persist that it was unworthy of me to enter into a discussion with a school boy? now the event has proved me unworthy to sit on an equal seat with him and all that I have to do is to get up, deliver over all my insignia as the court-pundit and kiss the dust of his feet." Accordingly he rose from his seat and stood the very picture of shame in mute confession of his defeat, to the laughter and ridicule of the spectators, who had all along been wishing for such a consummation. The queen at once called Yāmunacharya to her and embracing him like a mother covered him over with kisses and said, 'You are really A'lawandār', i.e., one that has come to rule, and henceforth he was called A'lawandār by all the people.

The king pitied his ex-pundit's position and addressing A'lawandār said, "It is true you have won the day. You are a boy-prodigy, a veritable avatār. I am very much rejoiced at your success, but can you deny at least one of the three statements that you made?" The boy coolly replied, "I can deny all the three" at which the king was exceedingly surprised and asked how.

A'lawandār replied, 'In the first place, the pundit's mother is a barren woman according to the well-known saying 'One tree is not a garden nor one child a child.' To have only one child, as the pundit's mother has, is practically equal to having no children at all, and so she is a barren woman.

"Secondly, the king is not a virtuous man for according to the *Neethicikya*—moral saying—'Rāja rāshtra kritaū-papam' the sins of his subjects go to him.

"Thirdly, the queen is not chaste, for like every other Hindu woman, she is at the time of marriage first dedicated to the Gods Agni, Varuna, Indra and others."

The king was very much surprised and pleased at these replies, and at once ordered A'lawandār to be proclaimed, according to his promise to the queen, king over a considerable portion of his dominions and placed poor Kôlâhala at his disposal. A'lawandār accepted the kingdom, but set Kôlâhala free.

A'lawandār, though so young, wielded the sceptre with wonderful dignity and justice and was very much liked by his subjects. He was thus reigning for many years, and then there occurred an event which has preserved his name from that death, which has fallen to the lot of those of numberless other clever scholars and wise kings. This event was even more romantic in character and more important in its consequences, than the preceding one which made him a king and therefore deserves to be described in some detail. When A'lawandār was about 35 years old, a certain old Brahmin, Ramu Misra, otherwise known as Manackal Nambi sought admission to the royal presence. Seeing that he was too poor to be treated with consideration, and thinking that, if he introduced himself in the usual way, his message might not be received at its worth he contrived a curious means of approaching A'lawandār. He first acquired the friendship of the head cook of the palace, and requested him to cook and serve the king a particular kind of vegetable, which he undertook to bring himself every day. This vegetable, is *Satwic* in character and is very much liked by Yogis, being both sedative and medicinal. Nambi supplied this vegetable very regularly and it was cooked and served as regularly on the royal table

A few months elapsed in this fashion and A'lawandār had got accustomed to this article of diet, when one day Nambi purposely stayed away without bringing it. A'lawandār not finding it on his table, asked his cook why it had not been prepared. The cook who knew nothing of the plot laid by Nambi, simply said, "The Brahmin did not bring it to-day." "The Brahmin! Who?" asked A'lawandār in surprise and, on being informed that a certain poor Brahmin was supplying it regularly, ordered that he should be brought to his presence the very next time he appeared. Nambi brought the vegetable the next day, and as he had anticipated was taken to the king.

A'lawandār experienced a peculiar kind of emotion, when Nambi approached him and felt as if they had been friends for a long time and, rising from his seat, welcomed him cordially and inquired what the purpose was of his supplying that vegetable and whether he wanted any favor from him. Nambi replied, "Yes, I want a favor from your royal highness; and that is that you will be pleased to take hold of a secret treasure which your grandfather has entrusted to me to be given over to you in proper time. I have come to request you to take charge of that treasure and deliver me from the burden of the trust." A'lawandār thought that the thing might be true, as his grandfather Nāthamuni Swami was one of the most celebrated men of his time and particularly fond of him. He was but a child when the Swami died, and it appeared likely to him that he might have left him a great legacy stored up in some secret place to be taken hold of when sufficiently old. Besides he was on the eve of a war with a neighbouring king and sadly wanted money. So he eagerly asked Nambi where that treasure lay and how he might obtain it. Nambi replied, "I will show it to you if you go with me. It is between two rivers and within seven successive walls. A huge serpent guards it and a Rakshasa from the south sea comes and visits it once in twelve years. It has been laid in by a *mantra*, and it can be recovered only by means of that secret *mantra* and with the help of a peculiar herb of rare virtues, and not by means of mere animal sacrifices like other ordinary treasures. It is a very vast treasure and by obtaining it, you will become much richer than any other king on earth. By securing it, you can easily vanquish all your enemies, and no one can ever defeat you. It is a great legacy which your celebrated grandfather Nāthamuni Swami has left to you out of love. Pray take hold of it and deliver me from my responsibility." A'lawandār asked, "Is it so valuable and vast a treasure?" and said, "How good of my grandfather! and how good of you not to have appropriated it yourself, but kept the trust. I shall start immediately with my army." Nambi said, "The earlier you start, the better; but you must come alone; such even is your grand-father's order." "Be it so then" said A'lawandār and set out with Nambi the very next day, making arrangements for the administration of his kingdom during his absence.

M. RANGANATHA SASTRI.

(To be continued.)

"Thou canst not prove the Nameless;

For nothing worthy proving can be proven,

Nor yet disproven: wherefore Thou be wise,

Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt.

And cling to Faith beyond the forms of faith!"

An Ancient Sage.

Freedom of the Soul.

BY SWAMI VIVEKA'NANDA.

None has power to destroy the unchangeable.—Gita.

(In the great Sanskrit epic the Mahabharata the story is told how the hero Yudhishthira, when asked by Dharma to tell what was the most wonderful thing in the world, replied that it was the persistent belief of mankind in their own deathlessness in spite of their witnessing death everywhere around them almost every moment of their lives.

And, in fact, this is the most stupendous wonder in human life. In spite of all arguments to the contrary urged in different times by different schools, in spite of the inability of reason to penetrate the veil of mystery which will ever hang between the sensuous and the supersensuous worlds, man is thoroughly persuaded that he cannot die.

We may study all our lives, and in the end fail to bring the problem of life and death to the plane of rational demonstration, affirmative or negative. We may talk or write, preach or teach for or against the permanency or sporadicity of human existence as much as we like; we may become violent partisans of this side or that; we may invent names by the hundreds, each more intricate than its predecessor, and lull ourselves in a momentary rest under the delusion of our having solved the problem once for all—nay, we may cling with all our powers to any one of the curious religious superstitions or the far more disgusting scientific superstitions—in the end we find ourselves playing an eternal game in the bowling alley of reason and raising intellectual pin after pin, only to be knocked over again and again.)

But behind all this mental strain and torture, not infrequently productive of more dangerous games than mere play, stands a fact unchallenged and unchallengeable—the fact, the wonder, which the Mahabharata points out as the inability of our mind to conceive our own annihilation.

Even to imagine my own annihilation I will have to stand by and look on as a witness.

Now, before trying to understand what this curious phenomenon means we want to note that upon this one fact the whole world is standing. The permanence of the external world is inevitably joined to the permanence of the internal, and, however plausible any theory of the universe may seem which denies the permanence of the one and asserts that of the other, the very theorist will find that in his own mechanism not one conscious action is possible without the permanence of both the internal and the external worlds being one of the factors in the motive cause. Although it is perfectly true that when the human mind transcends its own limitations it finds the duality reduced to an indivisible unity, on this side of the unconditioned the whole objective world—that is to say, the world we know—is and can be alone known to us as existing for the subject, and therefore before we would be able to conceive the annihilation of the subject we are bound to conceive the annihilation of the object.

So far it is plain enough. But now comes the difficulty. I cannot think of myself ordinarily as anything else but a body. My idea of my own permanence includes my idea of myself as a body. But the body is obviously impermanent as is the whole of nature a constantly vanishing quantity.

Where, then, is this permanence?

There is one more wonderful phenomenon connected with our lives, without which “who will be able to live, who will be able to enjoy life a moment?”—the idea of freedom.

This is the idea that guides every footstep of ours, makes our movements possible, determines our relations to each other—nay, is the very warp and woof in the fabric of human life. Intellectual knowledge tries to drive it inch by inch from its territory, post after post is snatched away from its domains, and each step is made fast and iron bound with the railroadings of cause and effect. But it laughs at all our attempts, and, lo, it keeps from above all this massive pile of law and causation with which we tried to smother it to death. How can it be otherwise? The limited always requires a higher generalization of the unlimited to explain itself. The bound can only be explained by the free, the caused by the uncaused.

But again the same difficulty is also here. What is free? The body, or even the mind? It is apparent to all that they are as much bound by law as anything else in the universe.

Now the problem resolves itself into this dilemma: Either the whole universe is a mass of never ceasing change and nothing more, irrevocably bound by the law of causation, not one particle having a unity of itself, yet is curiously producing an irradicable delusion of permanence and freedom, or there is in us and in the universe something which is permanent and free, and that the basal constitutional belief of the human mind is not a delusion.

It is the duty of science to explain facts by bringing them to a higher generalization. Any explanation, therefore, that wants to destroy, first, a part of the facts given to be explained in order to fit itself to the remainder is not science, whatever else it may be.

Now, any explanation that wants to overlook the fact of this persistent and all necessary idea of freedom commits the abovementioned mistake of denying a portion of the fact in order to explain the rest, and is therefore wrong.

The only other alternative possible, then, is to acknowledge, in harmony with our nature, that there is something in us which is free and permanent.

But it is not the body; neither is it the mind. The body is dying every minute. The mind is constantly changing. The body is a combination. So is the mind, and as such can never reach to a state beyond all change.

But beyond both this momentary sheathing of gross matter, beyond even the finer covering of the mind, is the Atman, the true self of man, the permanent, the ever free.

It is his freedom that is percolating through layers of thought and matter, and in spite of the colorings of name and form, is ever asserting its unshackled existence. It is his deathlessness, his bliss, his peace, this divinity in humanity that shines out and makes itself felt in spite of the thickest layers of ignorance. He is the real man, the fearless one, the deathless one, the free.

Now, freedom is only possible when no external power can exert any influence, produce any change. Freedom is only possible to the being who is beyond all conditions, all laws, all bondages of cause and effect. In other words, the unchangeable alone can be free and therefore immortal.

This being, this Atman, this real self of man, the free, the unchangeable, is beyond all conditions, and as such it has neither birth nor death.

Without birth or death, eternal, ever existing is this soul of man.

Radha and Krishna.

OR

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN HONEST GOD.

Radha felt a little conceited with the idea that she had conquered the heart of Krishna and made him her slave as it were. The Lord, whose observation nothing could escape, understood this and wanted to make fun of her. One day while they were alone together, the cunning Krishna with a view to draw her out fully, suddenly laughed a little and then kept quiet. Radha observing it, asked him what the matter was. Krishna replied, "Nothing. O Radha of coral lips, nothing very particular. Only I laughed to see how all this world is under my control, with all its inhabitants and how great I am." A few seconds passed and then Radha abruptly laughed and kept quiet. Krishna asked in his turn what the matter was and she said, "Nothing, O Krishna, only you are the ruler of the whole world and I am your ruler. The thought of this caused me to laugh." "Who will not become *your* slave?" replied the gallant God "To grudge to pay homage to *your* divine beauty! A passing glance from that lotus-eye would enslave all the three worlds" and so saying he clasped her in his arms, and after a general conversation for some time left her.

A few days after, she sent word to her lover to meet her alone on the silver sands of the Jumna at evening time. All the day was spent by her in decorating herself and otherwise preparing for the joyful meeting. She wavered for a long time between this dress and that and at last chose one which she thought would best please Krishna. She who was already 'all grace summed up,' put on her best ear-rings, her best necklaces, and bangles all of gold, and with exquisite taste made a splendid nosegay of sweet-smelling flowers just blown, with a beautiful blue one in the middle and a lily-white one by its side, to represent Krishna and herself surrounded by a galaxy of admiring damsels. She combed her dark, flowing soft hair and wore it in a peculiarly charming fashion saying, "This is a worthy net for so beautiful a prey." Having thus decorated herself, and holding the sweet nosegay in her hand, she, the wonder of her kind, presented herself before a mirror which, inanimate as it was, seemed to feel pride in reflecting the form of so fair a person. Radha sweet, umorous, fairy like Radha 'a daughter of the gods divinely tall and most divinely fair' drew to her full height her stately form and looked at herself in the glass: "Beautiful," she cried "like a peacock. Krishna is surely mine. I shall look at him this way, no, not this, that way, and I shall walk like a swan, sing like a nightingale and lisp to him like a parrot. I shall hold this nosegay just against his face by one hand and by another raise both his arms to my lips. Aye he is mine, and not any other's. I have conquered him. I have conquered him. Who is there like me?"

When the sun was about to set, she quickly stole out of her house, a perfect miracle of beauty, with flowers, fruit and cakes in her hand, leaving her domestic duties to take care of themselves, and by a secret path arrived at a lovely retreat on the Jumna bank, where herself and her lover had spent many a memorable evening. The mighty river, the beautiful sands, the dark grove behind, the white rock on which they used to sit, the stately trees that gave shelter to them, the peacock, the deer and the nightingale which seemed to enjoy their presence, the wild flowers, the music-making bamboo trees, the reed bushes, the irregular rocks close by and the rills like girls playing, flowing from them and adding to the

watery wealth of the Jumna, all these were there, lending a strange charm to the place, but not Krishna who was more wonderful and more charming than all of them. He was not there and Radha, who was but a moment ago so light of spirit and so light of foot was filled with surprise, but she consoled herself with the thought that he would soon come: five, ten, fifteen minutes and half an hour had passed and Krishna had not come. She fancied she heard a rustling among the plants, thought that he was there, perhaps wantonly hiding himself and called him in tones which the amorous air drank in eagerly, 'Govinda, Gopala, Murâri, Mukunda, Krishna, Radhâramana' but her words were as a voice in the wilderness. The sun was setting, but Krishna had not come. The sky assumed a deeper blue, but he who was bluer still and worth a thousand skies, he was not yet come. The birds had returned to their nests, cows had entered their sheds and even workmen had gone back to their homes and wives, but the truant Murâri was yet far away from his home in her soft, balmy bosom.

It was a 'beauteous evening calm and free' and everything around her was in a state of perfect peacefulness and repose. The majestic Jumna flowed in a slow noiseless pace, the birds had stopped singing, even the trees were silent. The sky overhead was a waveless ocean of undisturbed blue, and all nature was in a state of *Mumukshu* (silence) like a sage in *Samadhi*. But the calmness in the outer world tended by contrast only to increase the agitation in poor Radha's heart. "Will he not come? No, no, he will not fail to come when I have asked him to come. He will come with the moon," she thought. But soon came the beautiful moon, but instead of bringing the silk-clad, dancing Krishna, it only spread its silvery rays around and rejoiced over Radha's anguish. She looked up at the heartless moon and got incensed against the truant lover. "I will never forgive this insult—ah, this moonlight! it burns me—I will have nothing more to do with him and when he comes I will scold him and turn away. He has left me to perish under these chilling rays of this cold moon and pierced by Cupid's darts, while he is happy elsewhere. I will show him that I too can be cruel. He will come and beg my favor, then I will spurn him and turn him away," she said to herself. But all this anger was ineffectual as Krishna did not make his appearance. Often she thought of returning home, but had not the heart to do so. A something which she would not confess detained her. It was not the love for Krishna, she said, for she had ceased to love him. But then why did she stay? Gradually her anger gave way to grief and looking at herself and at the nosegay in her hand which had begun to fade as if it reflected her grief, she exclaimed, "I am really unworthy of him. What am I to him who is like the god of love to woman? To have thought that I had him under my control and to have said so to him! yes I now see my folly; like the elephant which throws mud over its own head, I am myself the author of my misfortune." She felt exceedingly humiliated and began to weep.

True humility and repentance had taken hold of her and she sat on a rock praying to the gods for Krishna's arrival, her face expressing the divinest grief, and wistfully looking at the direction from which he would be coming, when all on a sudden she felt the lotus hand of her Krishna on her braided hair and heard the soft music of his divine flute behind her back very close to her ear. At once she turned with lightning-swiftness and the voice and the hand also seemed to turn with her and as quickly. She turned and turned, but they were always behind her and she could not get at the hand. Her hair

was pulled with jerks, pulled now tightly, now gently, and she stretched back her hand to capture the criminal with whom she pretended to be very angry; but every time he receded bending her body backwards. Then she made a sudden turn behind when lo! her lover seemed to fly up in the air and looking up, she saw him surrounded by a galaxy of Gopis. At once a crowd of feelings rushed into her heart and for a moment she remained confused. The vision endured for a short time and then she saw Krishna alone wherever she turned. He was behind, before, on the right side, on the left, above, below, everywhere. Charming was it; but she was not able to endure it and piteously implored her lover like Arjuna in the Gita to disillusion her. "O Krishna, O Govinda, O Murâri, I beg of you O Râdhâramana, cease this deceiving sport. Tell me where thou really art and assure me of thy love. I am frightened, comfort me O lord, show me thy form. O thou art much too great a match for me—a silly little girl. I had fancied I had completely won you and enslaved you. O Gopâla, pardon thou all my past foolishness and show me thy loving face and comfort me," she cried. At once she heard the gentle reassuring sound of the flute and she felt a strange sense creeping over her that she had somehow become Krishna. It was blissful, immeasurably blissful. She was not Radha, she had got transformed, metamorphosed into Krishna. She was Krishna and Krishna was herself. A new world of unalloyed bliss had been revealed to her and she stood speechless with joy. She had forgotten herself, she had forgotten her household duties, her little joys and sorrows and with them the vast outer world. All these had ceased to exist for her, for she was one with her lover. How long she stayed in this blissful state, she did not know for she was dead to time, but when she awoke she saw that it was morning.

Krishna pretended to be sleeping by her side with a face on which the most prominent expression was that of perfect innocence and simplicity. She woke him up without scruple, for she knew that he was not really sleeping and he rose from the couch rubbing his eyes and asking if the day had come so soon. Radha took hold of his hands and energetically pressing them between hers said, "Thou canst no longer afford to deceive me. I have brought thee to book" and added

"Confess that thou art a hypocrite. Thou dost pretend to sleep, while thou art really awake. Thou art beyond both night and day, all wakeful, absolute Satchidânanda as now I saw, yet pretendest to sleep and snore. Art thou not then a hypocrite?"

Krishna replied, "Yes, I am a hypocrite but not to those who know that I am so. To them I am all simplicity and plainness."

Radha: "Art thou not a liar, thou who hast created this lie of the world?"

Krishna: "I confess I am a liar; but not wholly, for in this confession I speak the truth. Besides I do not lie to those that seek me; and when they see the liar the lie of the world vanishes."

Radha: "Confess that thou art a deceiver because thou deceivest us with the idea that we are separate from thee."

Krishna: "I confess I am a deceiver! but I deceive only those who, thinking themselves separate, have already deceived themselves and are eager to be deceived still more."

Radha: "Confess that thou art a thief, for thou stealst away the bliss of Self-realisation from men, blinding their vision by Mâyâ."

Krishna: "I am not a thief but the prince of thieves, Taskarânâmpati as the Vedas say. But I rob only those that are careless of their Self."

Radha: "Confess that thou art cruel, for thou seemest to delight in the suffering of all creatures: What is sport to thee is death to them."

Krishna: "I am cruel to all who are cruel to me, to the worldly-minded who kill me the Self in them (Atma-hanâh). But I am kind even when I am cruel, for there is happiness even in grief. Besides I take all to me in the due course and leave none to perish uncared for."

Radha: "Confess that thou art immoral and unchaste, for thou hast as many favorites as there are sands on the sea shore."

Krishna: "I confess I am very very unchaste. All things in the world are my illegitimate children and every soul is a secret favorite of mine, with whom I indulge in all sorts of play and whom I flatter, tease and coax by turns until they forget their passion for personal adornment and love me for my own sake, as thou dost me, when I absorb them all in me"

Radha was delighted with these honest confessions and exclaimed, "O God, I rejoice that thou art a hypocrite, a liar, a deceiver, a thief and cruel, immoral and unchaste and Thou art I and I am Thou."

Reader! try to understand the above story before you criticise it. Radha had not won Krishna when she vainly thought she had, but when she repented for her vanity and became humble she obtained Krishna, nay she became Krishna. To put it in the language of the Upanishad, Brahma is known by him who thinks that He is not known: he who thinks that Brahma is known does not know Him. Brahma is unknown to those who think they know Him and known to those who do not think they know Him." (Ken. Up. II. 3, see Sankara's Commentary on this).

Ah! How fond are we in India of the hypocritical, lying, deceiving, thievish, cruel and immoral Krishna—Jâra Chora Sikhâmani!

NOBODY-KNOWS-WHO.

Kumaun—in the Himalayas.

(Continued from page 31.)

Kumaun being a part of the Uttara-Khanda has been through all times visited by a large number of ascetics of various sects from the plains. Most of them simply pass through it on their way to the shrines of Kedar and Badrikâsram, a few settle in different places in Kumaun.

Through contact with these the majority of people here have a good grinding in the theories of Vedânta, but all the same like in other parts of India—there is an indigenous religion which being simpler and ruder and more practical has more sway over the masses than the higher spiritual ideals. Above all, these simple people believe that they are in constant touch with the Devas; and on all occasions, either when one is ill or any other mishap befalls a family—they seek the aid of a Devata. This Devata enters the body of a villager who is a sort of especial favorite with him, and through him the Devata cures the sick and delivers his worshipper from danger. The general sign of a Devata having entered some one is a curious kind of shaking all over and an irresistible fit of dancing—and friends are never wanting to help the obsessed by giving him a little music of flutes and drums.

Of all these Devatas who look after the well-being of the Kumaunis, none can boast of a larger number of followers, or evoke greater devotion than Shem.

Shem is the most popular and living Devata of the paharees* and his circle of Devotees is a continuously increasing one. Tradition says that Shem was a king of Kumaun in old times, that he was a very good and just ruler and towards the latter part of his life became a yogi, and a disciple of Goraksha Nath. After travelling through various parts of India—Shem settled on the top of a mountain now known as Shem Dhura. Here he ended his days—and on the spot a temple has been built and the Devotees from all parts of Kumaun flock to the place twice in the year.

Now, whatever might have been the power of Shem when he was actually in the flesh over his people, he certainly wields more power over his people now he is in spirit. For Shem is the mightiest of the helpful Devatas, and an appeal to him in sickness or distress never fails. And most wonderful is this worship of Shem. In almost every village there is a person who from time to time becomes the mouth-piece of Shem. Shem's followers at the same time enter the bodies of certain other villagers of less sanctity than the person obsessed by Shem. Shem and his chief disciples at the same time will be talking and performing wonders through hundreds of persons in different localities.

On our way back to Almora from a visit to this Shem Dhura peak, we chanced to meet with two parties going to worship Shem at a place called Tanna-nanla. Each party had formed a procession—composed of villagers, their female relatives and children, while in each there were several men performing a curious shaking dance as they went on to the music of flutes and drums. We became curious, having heard of this worship and this is what we learnt and saw. The leaders whose bodies Shem himself uses have to fast and pray and keep themselves very clean for several weeks before Shem manifests himself in them. Men and women are equally recipients of Shem's favour—but the above-mentioned parties happened to have men leaders. The worship consists of sacrifice of goats and offering of food to the Shrine. One of the parties was composed of Brahmans, the other of *Domes* or *Chandalas*. The Brahman party were very kind and respectful to us and postponed their worship till our arrival. When we arrived, we saw a number of men with intelligent and handsome faces, as Brahmans of these parts generally are, sitting round a blazing fire—their wives and other female relatives sitting separate at a distance from the blaze. The beginning of the performance was the starting of the music, and in a few minutes we saw several of the men shaking all over, and all of a sudden all of them except the leader started up and began a sort of slow dance round and round the fire. In a short time the music began to quicken and the shaking more violent. The leader then began to address them in a sort of long-drawn nasal monotone, as Shem himself—on various religious and moral topics, which finished, he took in his hands several knotted whips made of woven munja bark strings attached to a wooden handle—there were about ten or twelve of these strings attached to each stick and they were altogether very formidable to look at. Then he placed two iron instruments in the form of an iron handle a foot long with a flat blade six inches by six attached at right angles to the handle. These he placed in the fire to make red hot. This done he distributed the whips to his dancing disciples, one of whom came forward and bared his upper limbs, another took a firm hold of the whip-handle and began to lay on with all his might, till he could

strike no more, through sheer exhaustion. The whipped-man then took up the role of whipper and belaboured his friend as unmercifully as he had done him. Other pairs followed undergoing the same performance. Before they began we had asked them to allow us to examine the whips and gently struck our arms with one of the cords. It smarted for more than a minute. We expected therefore the blood to gush out at every strike, but to our surprise there was neither no blood nor a single scar on any one of them not even a black spot. The closest scrutiny could not detect even a mark. The leader now got up and took off all his clothes except a piece about his loins, and told us that through the mercy of his Gurn, he was going to perform the most difficult part of his worship. He then drew out one of the iron instruments of the fire, with a firm grasp on the red-hot handle and brought it near us for inspection. Not only the colour but heat was a sufficient guarantee of its being a genuine piece of red-hot iron and we were quite satisfied. He then turned the red-hot shovel upside down, with the flat spade-like part turned against his body and began to draw it all over beginning at the ankles. The violence of the friction made almost a grating noise in contact with his coarse skin, there was just a little smell of a singeing hair or two, and he went on, drawing and rubbing this blazing spade forwards and backwards all over his body—his head—till at last he finished by opening his mouth and putting it inside. He kept the end in his mouth for about two minutes and then drew it out and threw it on the ground. The glow was gone, yet the heat was still so great as to make it impossible for us to get hold of it without burning our hand. He underwent the same process with the other spade and after another short address to his disciples, he sat down quite composed. His body did not shake any more, for Shem had left him for the time. In his case also there was not the least injury even to his skin and not a hair of his head burnt.

The other party underwent the same performance with the exception that among them we saw several place their hands for minutes inside the blazing flame; without the least hurt to themselves. And when we warned them to take care of their flowing garments, which they were dragging through the fire in their shaking-dance round the flame, they replied that flame had lost all power for the time over them and their clothes.

Two women then advanced near the central fire from among the crowd suffering from some disease for a long time. The leader gave each of them a few blows with the palm of his left hand and then got hold of a lock of hair of each and tied several knots in each. One knot is to be opened every morning and the day the last knot is untied, the disease will disappear entirely.

Such is one of the many most curious forms of worship still to be found in India. The facts related here are just what we saw. The worshippers were simple village folks and not professionals, who were on their way to their favorite Shrine, and every evening during the journey this worship was carried on. The last was performed on top of the mountain Shem Dhura, which finished, they returned back to their homes—the simple peasants as they ever were. We invite the readers of your widely read journal to find a rational solution of this worship.

Yours faithfully,

A TRAVELLER IN THE HIMALAYAS.

"Look not for Truth, in childish hopes and fears,
In vain beliefs of ages, quick or dead.
Seek in thyself, deep hidden in each heart—
There, and there only, lies the Will of Truth."

* Mountaineers.

True Greatness of Vasudeva Sastry.

By T. C. NATARAJAN.

CHAPTER XI.

Rukmani told Vasudeva Sastry "He (her husband) did not come to me for a long time after all in the house had returned to bed, but kept waiting outside the wicked Siddha's room. I went to him twice or thrice and entreated him with tears in my eyes to go to bed; but for all that I was rewarded only with abuses; and when I persisted in my entreaties, he kicked me and sent me away to my room weeping. Immediately I heard the Siddha's room open, and a few minutes after, my husband came to me with a small bottle in hand which he held concealed. He came to me only because he was afraid I might go down and cause a commotion in the house. Seating himself by my side he looked at me sternly for some time and then poured on me a volley of abuses.

"I said, 'I seem to stand in your way. You look upon me as if your mortal enemy. O God, I do not know when you will be pleased to recall me from this world!' He replied, 'Yes. You are my real enemy. But for you.'—Then he stopped. I added, 'You would have run away with this wicked, so-called Siddha.' He kicked me once again saying, 'Why do you abuse my Gurn? you wretch, you rogue. I am really going to run away. Who is there who can prevent me? Better to run to the forests and die there unknown than to continue in this world of woe and with a wicked ass like you.' I could say nothing. I was choked with grief and fear. Then he coaxed me a little saying that he did not mean what he said. More than an hour passed in mutual explanations and peace-making, and a sufficiently good understanding had been established between us when suddenly he raised the glass in his hand and swallowed a few drops from it, saying that it was a good sleeping draught which he drank as it was very late in the night and wanted to have a sound sleep, and gave me also to drink of the same which I did. Hardly had a few seconds elapsed since I took it when I felt a strange sense of stupor creeping over me and drowning me in sleep. I saw nothing more and woke only on account of the disturbance in the house and to find that he was gone. I am a ruined girl. Nothing remains for me but to die. If he does not come in four or five days I shall put an end to my life. That is all."

Vasudeva Sastry said that in a fortnight's time he was sure to bring him back and comforted her and started on his expedition by the very next train towards the north; for he saw that Sreenivasan should have gone only northward as the only train that left Madura between twelve and three in the night went in that direction.

Meanwhile great things were going on in Dindigul. My readers will be pleased to recall to their minds our sulky-faced friend Mr. Nayanna Sastry surnamed the 'wild cat.' We also remember that he was calculating to become suddenly rich through his child whose name I forgot to mention before was Kannu. The result of his calculation was that Krishna's mother who was a cousin of his and very affectionate towards him should be made to adopt the dirty child Kannu on the authority of a will by her late husband, which was not in existence but to be forged and which should be made to say that all the estates of the family were the personal acquisition and therefore the private property of her husband. It was to state explicitly that, as Krishna was very sickly from his infancy, the estates should go to him only if he survived his mother and that otherwise they should go to

her and through her to any one whom she might choose to adopt. The plan was in due course revealed to Krishna's mother and with the help of an expert forger a will was drawn upon a sufficiently old looking paper with the signatures of a number of persons who were bribed into the deed. The adoption too would have been completed, but fortunately or unfortunately it had to be postponed for three months, as that interim period was not auspicious according to custom for the ceremony. Lakshmi smelt the affair, and was very much pained at heart not for the chance of losing the property which should, as a matter of justice, go to her, but for the wickedness of the deed and the meanness of the persons concerned in it. She however never said a word of it to anybody, but consumed herself with her grief.

One night she was in her room weeping. The affair of the will came to her mind and she said to herself sobbing "Ah, what a wicked world. My dear, my lord, you did very well in leaving it so early. Happy it was for you that you did not see much of the wickedness and misfortune in the short span of your existence here. And I would not, not on any account, wish for your return here. Not all my suffering, loneliness and helplessness should induce me to wish for that. Even if God Yama were to come and promise to restore you to me here as he restored Satyavân to Sâvitri I would say, "Not so, let us not meet here any longer. If you so please deign to take me to him." If he should refuse that high boon I would say to him, "Promote him to higher and higher regions of bliss on my account as much on account of his innumerable virtues. If my suffering and penance here would avail him anything, I will undergo a thousand-fold more torture than I do now. All I wish is his happiness, the happiness of him who was sweeter to me than my own life, my own joy, my prince, my god of love;" ah! sweet Krishna. How I rejoiced to hear thy sweet name from anybody's lips; and how my heart leaped with joy and pride when I heard it uttered with praise and satisfaction everywhere. To look at you was bliss, to talk to you was heaven and to hear your talk—that sweet voice, that divine love which flowed from every little syllable you uttered—to hear you talk was more than heaven. It would seem to me that the dust of earth which felt your soft tread in the day mounted to heaven and became stars. It would seem to me that the very air you breathed around was sacred and to repose on your mountain-like bosom! Aye Parvati is not more happy in the Kailas. How well you deserved the name Krishna. Yes you were my Krishna and I was your Rukmani. Satyabhama and the gopis all put together. Vain words? I am a hypocrite. I speak hollow words. Knowing that you were on your death bed, should I not have died before you did? There was one opportunity for doing justice to my love to you and I have lost it, lost it for ever. At least I might have leapt on the funeral pyre which was burning your body, that temple of my love, that which sheltered your mighty soul and whose beauty I enjoyed for many a day, that body burnt to ashes just in my presence. Fool not to have died. A hypocritical wretch still living—to see what—all this wickedness in the world? O father why do you not permit me to die. O cruel father!"

Just as she was saying these last words cruel father, she heard a gentle knock at the door and on opening it, she found—her own father. Vasudeva Sastry saw her bathed in tears and at once tears rushed forth in his eyes also. He was not able to restrain them. Then controlling himself by degrees he comforted her also with gentle words which he only knew how to speak. At last she asked "O father, why do you not permit me to die." He

replied, "Child, be not hasty, God has sent you into this world and He knows when to take you out of it. Child, you are not fit enough for death." "Father, you always speak wisdom. Where is the like of you in all the three worlds? But it is we that suffer most," Lakshmi said sobbing. He said, "Don't grieve, my child, grief is selfish. There is neither suffering nor grief where there is no selfishness. Joy and sorrow are only in our minds." "Father," asked Lakshmi, "If I am not fit to die, then who else is?" Sastry replied "Lakshmi, my dear child, he alone is fit to die who is dead even in life, who is above grief and selfishness. Believe me, my child, you are born for very great things, and in a short time the world will unfold its secret to you."

In reply Lakshmi remarked what a wicked world it was and related to him in detail the conspiracy that was going on in the house against her. He said, "Fear not my child, whatever happens, happens for our good. We shall neither want anything that does not come to us nor reject anything that comes to us. Let things take their own course, for they happen under the direction of God. Besides, what if they enjoy the estates or we, it is all the same to us who are not selfish. Their enjoying is as good as our enjoying. Then why grieve?" Lakshmi murmured, "Father, you are too generous. The world is a wicked world." "My child," said he, "Believe me, there will come a time when you yourself will say that the world is not bad, but it is God. It is all a difference of standpoints; you will know it all in due time." Then he related to her what happened at Madura and she expressed great sympathy for Rukmani and wept a little on her behalf. Then he told her of the commission with which he had been entrusted and took leave of her after a few hours stay there, bidding her take heart, and remember him when she was tempted to put an end to her life. He touchingly added "Live at least for me, do not desert your poor father and make me helpless." And he left Dindigul in the very next train that went northward.

It was noon time at Trichinopoly and the sun was exceedingly hot when a young man was climbing up the rock and going with great eagerness towards the Temple of Ganesh at its summit. The bare steep rock on which he walked scorched his feet like fire, and he appeared greatly fatigued owing perhaps to want of sleep during the previous night, but still he pushed on. There was an expression of eagerness and hope in his face, and as he walked he recited several stanzas in Tamil, particularly from Tāyumanavar, expressive of the glory of the Guru, perhaps to forget the toil of the ascent but more probably to keep up his religious fervour. He sang

My Lord is the Lord of the universe

My Guru is the Guru of the universe.

and pushed on until at last he reached the summit and entered the temple. He went in but did not even see the Image of the god; the object of his search seemed to be something else, which evidently he did not find there. Then he ran about in all directions shouting forth, "My Lord, my Gurunath," and soon but only the echoes gave a reply. He shouted louder still and oftener when a surly voice replied, "What fool is this that shouts in this fashion, my lord, my lord. Is he mad?"

The Loss of the Soul.

The following is extracted from a "communication" entitled "The losing and the finding of the Soul": by Julia in the *Borderland* for July.

The worst evil of the present day is not its love of money, nor its selfishness. No, but its loss of the Soul.

You forget that the Soul is *the* thing, and that all that concerns the body, except so far as it affects the Soul, is of no importance. But what you have to realise is, that men and women in this generation have lost their Souls. And this is a terrible truth. It is not what we used to think of losing the Soul in hell, after laying aside the body. It is a thing not of the future only, but of the present. Your Soul is lost now. And you have to find it. When I say lost, I mean it. You have lost it as you might lose a person in a crowd. It is severed from you. You are immersed in matter and you have lost your Soul. And the first, the most pressing of all things is to find your Soul. For until you find it you are little better than an active automaton, whose feverish movements have no real significance, no lasting value. The loss of the Soul, that is the Malady of the Day; and to find the Soul is the Way of Salvation. The finding of the Soul is the first thing and the most important thing. You will never find it unless you give yourself time to think, time to pray, time to realise that you have a Soul. You remember post time, and you remember when you must catch trains. But when do you remember that you must catch your Soul? No, no! all is rush, and jump and whirl, and your Soul gets lost, crowded out of your life. You have so many engagements that you have no time to live the Soul-life. That is what you have to learn. No doubt your work is important, and duty must be done. But what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own Soul?

And if you would find your Soul you must give time to the search.

You say you have no time. But you have time to make money, to amuse yourself, to make love, to do anything that you really want to do. But your Soul, that is a thing you do not care about. And so you have no time for the Soul.

You are getting less and less spiritual. The old ordinances, the services, the prayers, the meditation, the retreat, these gave you time. But one by one they all go—these oases where you could rest and meet your Soul. And you have materialised yourself even with the fretful struggle against materialism. For what is more important than struggling to stem evil, is to save your Soul, to possess your Soul, to hold it and not let it go.

What seems to me quite clear, is that, the indifference to the Soul is caused by not understanding that the Soul is the Real Self, the only part of you which lasts, the Divine in you, which you are sacrificing to the things of the day.

It is through the Soul you obtain inspiration. The Soul links you with the Universe of God, with the Soul of the World. And when you lose touch with your Soul you become a mere prisoner in the dungeon of matter, through which you peer a little way by the windows of the senses.

If you will but find your Soul and develop its Divine potency there is opened before you a new Heaven and a new Earth, in which Absence is not for Death, and where the whole Universe of Love is yours.

All that you have read of about the power of Spirit over Matter is nothing to the reality. You are as caterpillars, to what you might be. But the doorway into the Infinite is the Soul, and the Soul is lost when you have no time to think; no time to pray; no time to live. Therefore you must before all else make time. I speak the most sober and literal truth, when I say that if you did but possess your Soul and exercise its powers, Death or separation in this world would cease to exist for you, and the miseries which haunt the human race would disappear.